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MEMOIR OF FRANCES AMELIA AYER.

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= Ayer, Frances =

MEMOIR

OF

FRANCES AMELIA AYER,

OF LISBON, CONNECTICUT.

DIED JUNE 3, 1843, AGED 14 YEARS.

Written for the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, and revised by the Committee of Publication.

BOSTON:

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PREFACE.

When this brief narrative was commenced, it was not with the expectation of committing it to the press, but as a private memento of one tenderly beloved. And it is now, with a degree of reluctance, that it is brought before the public, the author being fully aware that its merits will not bear comparison with many similar works. But, as the cherished expectations of the friends of the deceased, in relation to her future usefulness, have been blasted in the bud, and this simple record of her life seems to be the only means left of benefiting the world through her instrumentality, it is submitted to the public, with the hope that its youthful readers may be led by its perusal, to adore the riches of Divine Grace, in the scheme of salvation through a crucified Redeemer, and early consecrate themselves to his service. It was felt by the most intimate friends of the deceased, that Divine Grace was conspicuous in her case, particularly in the subdued spirit she exhibited during the last year of her life, and strikingly so, after her health became impaired.

It has been the special aim of the compiler to avoid all exaggerations, and to state the unvarnished truth. When quoting the remarks of the deceased, he has been careful to use the precise words that came from her lips. Such as the humble performance is, he commits it to the Great Head of the Church, with the fervent prayer that his blessing may attend it.

J. A.

Lisbon, April, 1845.

MEMOIR.

Sin, the great source of all evil, has entered the world; and through sin death, the ruthless, the insatiate destroyer. Irrespective of condition, he cuts down the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, the man of threescore years and ten, and the infant of a day. And, not unfrequently, he singles out, as a mark at which to shoot his poisoned arrows, the young and the promising;—those who bid fairest to be useful in society, and around whom the fondest affections and hopes of friends are entwined.

The remembrance of such individuals, it seems desirable to perpetuate, and particularly so to their own friends and connections, that gratitude commensurate with the blessing may be exercised. And in every age, men have devised some way for preserving these memories of good persons,

and handing down to posterity their virtues and pious examples. But the writer is not influenced so much by a desire to perpetuate the memory of the subject of the following brief memoir, as by the hope of contributing, in some degree, to the cause of truth; believing that religious biographical reading has been, and ever will be, highly useful; and that it contributed, in no small degree, to the formation of the character of the departed.

Frances Amelia, only daughter of Rev. Joseph Ayer, of Lisbon, Connecticut, was born April 27th, 1829. She was in infancy consecrated to God, in the ordinance of baptism, with the hope that she might be devoted to his service.

She very early exhibited an amiable and teachable disposition; and as her mind developed, many hopes were excited that she might be eminently useful. She learned to read very young; and it is believed read the Bible through in course, before she had completed her sixth year. In point of scholarship, she was far above mediocrity; and seemed to have the art of bend-

ing her mind to one point, regardless of what was passing around her. Her lessons at school were almost invariably well committed, and the rapidity with which she acquired knowledge was remarked by her teachers. One of them observed, that she never knew any child to acquire knowledge with more ease. Her books were her delight. She was a great reader; and few read with greater facility, or were favored with a more retentive memory. Very few, at her age, have probably read as many volumes. Not content with reading a book once, she very frequently rëperused it a third, fourth, and fifth time; and, what is a subject of gratitude, her reading was almost exclusively of a serious character.

It is not known that she was the subject of serious impressions until she was about nine years of age. There was then an unusual attention to the subject of religion in the school she attended, and for a time, she with others indulged a hope of pardoned sin, but soon after relinquished it. Something more than a year afterward, her attention was again called up by read-

ing the tract entitled Lydia Sturtevant, or the Fatal Resolution; and she seemed to be wrought upon in a very powerful manner. So greatly was her mind exercised, that her friends had much solicitude about the result. She would frequently ask her mother to retire with her to pray; and in one instance, when engaged in this duty, thought she submitted her heart to the Saviour, but afterward doubted whether she was really changed. She however appeared deeply interested in devotional exercises, especially prayer, and peculiarly striking was the earnestness with which she engaged in this important duty, presenting the case of almost every individual in the circle of her acquaintance.

Two years following, in the Spring of 1842, a religious interest again prevailed in the place of her residence; and then, if never before, it is humbly hoped Frances became indeed and in truth a child of God. She did not gain strength and confidence, to profess publicly her faith in Christ, until near the close of life, but the deep interest she manifested on the day that her young associates

were examined for admission to the church, is well remembered. Replying to her mother's inquiry, in relation to her exercises, at that time, she said with emotion, "I have been very happy!" She evinced no disposition to be influenced by others, as it is to be feared too many are, in such seasons of religious interest. Whenever questioned in relation to the indulgence of a hope, she would reply, "I do not think so much of that, as of feeling right, and loving God with all my heart." While, perhaps, she erred in extreme self-distrust, is it not to be feared that too many err in the opposite extreme, hastily adjudging themselves to be Christians, without sufficient self-examination, and evidence of a saving change? It appeared to be characteristic of her, to proceed with great caution and timidity, in reference to her religious exercises, and the evidences of piety requisite to a profession of religion. It is thought that she had, in her own mind, erected a standard of piety, above that which most attain; that its influence was felt in causing her to defer connecting herself with the

visible church of Christ. Her conscientiousness ever after her hopeful change was very striking. In one instance, the question being asked, in reference to some occurrence, what will be thought by others in relation to it, she replied, "we should not regard that, but only seek to know what is right,"—a principle of action that should ever govern the young, and all other classes of individuals.

Her frequency in prayer was, from this time, very unusual. It is not known how many seasons she was accustomed to observe daily, but it is presumed from what is known, that she had very many. It was her custom, to spend a few moments in prayer, before leaving for school; and if, in the morning, she was occasionally interrupted while engaged in this duty, and asked why she had neglected it until that time, it would be found, on a close investigation, that she had previously observed one or two seasons. And, again, she has been noticed, while sitting with the family in the afternoon, and engaged in conversation, to leave the room and retire by herself,

where she was overheard addressing the throne of Grace. A benevolent Sewing Society was formed in which she took a deep and lively interest. The satisfaction she manifested when religious conversation was introduced, was observable; and also the readiness with which she conformed to a rule of the Society; and, although the youngest member, lead in devotion whenever the meeting was convened at the house of her father.

There was an obvious and marked change in her deportment, which exhibited itself to her more intimate friends, in a subdued and submissive spirit, and carefulness to avoid injuring the feelings of others. It was remarked by her teacher, the last summer of her life, whenever she did any thing to wound her feelings in any degree, how readily she would come with expressions of sorrow and regret, and ask her forgiveness. This, with various other circumstances combined, established in the mind of her instructress, to whom she was strongly attached, and with whom she was on terms of the greatest intimacy, the fullest confidence in relation to the hopeful

change she had experienced. Also her readiness to yield to the wishes of her parents, and conform to the leadings of Providence, led her friends to encourage the hope that she was indeed born of the Spirit.

The resignation with which she endured a disappointment, with reference to a visit with her father to a beloved aunt, in Hartford, which had been long in contemplation, and for which preparation had been made, should here be noticed. Owing to the unexpected failure of her health, she was compelled to relinquish the long cherished anticipation, yet she endured it with great meekness and patience, and acknowledged to her mother, in a long and interesting conversation, which she then held with her, and in which she recounted her religious exercises from her earliest recollection, that she was aware she could not once have endured such a trial with so much submission.

In her disposition she was exceedingly affectionate. Indeed her heart seemed formed of love and tenderness. To her relatives and friends her affection was man-

ifested by the most endearing assiduities. In them, however remote, she took a lively interest; and had prepared two books of family records, which cost her much labor, and which will ever be highly valued, tracing her lineage back to the fifth generation; unconscious, while thus employed, how soon another hand would be required to pen the record of her own early removal, although it would appear as if a space was intentionally left for the very purpose. It is believed she thought much of the uncertainty of life, of which she was doubtless reminded by the delicacy of her constitution. How desirable that all, of every age, should aim to keep this important subject, a prominent theme of their reflections—for, surely, "in the midst of life we are in death."

After an interesting celebration of the Cold Water Army, on the 4th of July, 1842, with which she had been much delighted, as the announcement was made for a similar observance the ensuing year, she turned to a young associate and remarked,

"How little we know who will live to witness that scene." And, ere it returned, she had for more than a month, ceased to be an actor on life's busy stage.

Her attachment to little children was perhaps peculiar. She was never happier than when occupied with them. A short time before her decease, as a relative left with a sweet babe, whom she loved very tenderly, and who survived her but a few months, she remarked, "Mother, how can any one refrain from loving little infants, when they are *comparatively* so innocent."

The sensibilities of her heart were also alive to the wants of the poor and suffering. Particularly were her sympathies elicited in relation to the unhappy condition of the slaves of our country—and she has been often seen to weep in tender commiseration of their sufferings. The Child's Evening Hymn she was accustomed to repeat with much feeling, from which we select the following stanza, as expressive of her sympathy:

"Yet while 'neath the evening skies,
Thus we bid our thanks arise,
Father! still we think of those,
Who are bow'd with many woes;
Whom no earthly parent's arm
Can protect from wrong and harm;
The poor slaves, Father."

Frances' health, after she arrived at the age of eight years, was never so good as previously. In the Spring of 1841, she had a slight sickness, which occasioned her friends some anxiety as to the result. But it pleased a kind Providence to restore her in a good degree. She was, however, never so well as formerly. Still she was able to attend school constantly, until August, '42, when she was attacked with a severe illness, and it was seriously apprehended that she would soon sink under a rapid decline. Her symptoms were very alarming. She suffered greatly from extreme debility, entire loss of appetite, and a slight cough. She was attended by a careful and attentive physician, who was very faithful to her; and, through the Divine blessing, she was again rendered comfortable, though it is

now believed that disease was then irremovably fastened upon her slender frame. After this, she attended school several weeks, but every precaution was observed, as it was still feared her health was in a precarious state.

As she seemed again declining, her parents carried her to Norwich, November 11th, to consult a physician there. The ride proved too much for her, and from that time she became seriously ill. But the mercy of her Heavenly Father was still manifested, and she was again partially restored, and able to go out and mingle in the society of her friends to some extent. She attended church every Sabbath, and joined in the performances of the choir, but was unable to attend school.

Notwithstanding the debility of her body, her mind retained all its wonted vigor, and seemed to be rapidly developing. Her fondness for books has been before noticed, and this attachment seemed to grow with her growth,—and strengthen with her strength. Indeed, it was remarked by many of her acquaintances, that she was

the greatest reader they ever knew; and she seemed to remember and profit by what she read. After she became quite feeble, she would relate things of much interest from different authors to which she had attended. On one occasion, in speaking of the passage, "the Lord our righteousness," she said she had never fully comprehended its import, till she read the exposition as given by D'Aubigne in his History of the Reformation. She then proceeded to give, in her own language, his explanation, in a very correct and interesting manner.

Even the last night of her life, her ruling passion still manifested itself. She would often speak in her sleep, and at one time the word "Biblical" was distinguished; at another, "Literary works."

Precious child! we trust she is now where she can drink in knowledge from the purest fountain and never be exhausted. The Lord be praised for this cheering, sustaining hope.

Frances had been accustomed, for sev-

eral years, to assist her father in his studies, (who, on account of weakness of sight, is dependent on the aid of others,) and she was ever delighted to read or write for him. The interest she manifested in subjects calculated for maturer minds, was quite remarkable. It was observed with much interest, what clear and comprehensive views she entertained of some of the most abstruse doctrines of theology. The day before she was attacked with her last sickness, she wrote for her father, and in the interim of his dictating sentences, was busily engaged in attending to her own studies.

It would seem that had she known how little time remained for her on earth, she could not have been more industrious. But alas, how soon was her work completed, and how transient her life appears on a retrospect.

On the last of January it was observed that she had a slight cough, which it was hoped would soon subside, but instead of this, it rather increased. She was troubled with difficulty of respiration, from which,

however, she was soon relieved, and suffered no more in this way till within three weeks of her death. Through February and a part of March, she was quite feeble; both she and her friends were much discouraged in relation to her recovery.

Ever after her last confinement, her mind appeared to be in a very interesting state. She was much absorbed in the contemplation of divine things, in prayer and religious conversation, to which she wished to listen exclusively. She would often express her regret that her father should be compelled to leave her, after he had been conversing with her on these important subjects. In some instances when friends visited her, she would afterward remark, she wished they would at once enter into the spirit of religion—speak of its excellency and loveliness, and not merely make general remarks on its importance, and the necessity of being prepared for death, &c. She was so desirous of having her mind fixed on the character of God, that she would take up His different attributes separately,

and make each one a distinct theme of contemplation.

The Mother's Hymn Book was with her a precious treasure, and from it she committed many hymns which were very striking and appropriate. One evening after she had been alone for a short time, her mother returned to the room, and noticing her emotion, began conversing with her in relation to her feelings. She said she would communicate them, but feared she might be influenced by some wrong motive. On being assured she need have no hesitancy in communicating them to her mother, she related some of her exercises, and then spoke of a hymn she had been committing, which expressed her feelings more fully than she could herself. The hymn to which she alluded was the 111th of the Mother's Hymn Book, which is as follows:

Come, my Redeemer, come,
And deign to dwell with me,
O make my heart thy home,
And bid thy rivals flee;
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

Why should the world presume
To occupy thy throne?
Come, and thy right assume—
I would be thine alone:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

Exert thy mighty power,
And banish all my sin;
In this auspicious hour,
Bring all thy graces in:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

Rule thou in every thought
And passion of my soul,
Till all my powers are brought
Beneath thy full control;
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

Then shall my days be thine,
And all my heart be love,
And joy and peace be mine,
Such as are known above:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

Another from the same collection, 101st, she often repeated with much interest.

O Lord, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend ;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

* * * * *

No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee ;
I must have all things and abound,
While God is God to me.

O Lord, I cast my care on thee,
I triumph and adore ;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

The 19th, also, afforded her much consolation,—commencing,

Encourage my heart with thy smile, &c.

The second and third stanzas seemed to be in striking accordance with her feelings;

'Tis better to suffer and die
Beneath thy compassionate rod,
Than feel my enjoyments run high,
But never have thee for my God.

I would not contend with thy will,
Whatever that will may decree;
But O, may each trial I feel
Unite me more firmly to thee.

There were also very many others from this collection, the Village Hymn Book, and the Mass. Sabbath School Hymn Book, which she committed with much comfort and satisfaction to herself.

She had ever been much interested in the Sabbath school, and was never absent from her class, unless prevented by ill health. Her attachment to her teachers was strong, and it is hoped ceased not with life, but will be lasting as eternity. She continued to get the lessons with the same regularity as when she attended the school, until the last two Sabbaths of her life.

She was also much engaged in committing the Assembly's Catechism, with all the references, as contained in Emerson's Evangelical Primer, but after pursuing this study for a length of time, she was dissuaded from its continuance through fear

that it was taxing her memory too much for her feeble state. She had, some time previously, commenced Scott's Commentary, and always continued to read a chapter with the notes and observations, every day, until within a short time of her decease. Indeed, her mind seemed to dwell almost exclusively on these important themes through the day; and it was exceedingly pleasant, when she awoke in the night for her medicine or refreshment, to see how readily her mind would revert to these interesting subjects, and listen to her expressions of gratitude, love and submission. Frequently she would repeat some favorite hymn or portion of Scripture.

Notwithstanding the efforts she made to keep her mind in a religious frame, she mourned that sinful thoughts would obtrude themselves, which caused her much sorrow. In one instance, in particular, she was noticed to be weeping, and being asked the cause, replied, that "she had been much troubled with sinful thoughts—she had endeavored to suppress them, but Satan seemed to have obtained the ascendency."

On being told that we were accountable rather for the indulgence of wicked thoughts than for their being suggested to the mind, she became calm. Afterward, the subject being resumed, she shed many tears. On one occasion some female friends called: after they left, Frances remarked, "I have been very unhappy, for before I was aware, I found myself observing their dress; and that I, a poor sick girl, should be occupied with any thing so trifling, seems very sinful. I changed my position that I might avoid the temptation."

There had been less expended on her dress, it is believed, than is usual for one in similar circumstances. But she had ever seemed satisfied, and perhaps gave her parents less trouble on this subject, than most children are accustomed to do—appearing to feel entire confidence in their judgment. After her sickness, she seemed to give it up entirely to her mother, and to have no opinion nor anxiety in relation to it.

This is mentioned as a trait of character

commending itself to the observation and imitation of the children and youth who may read this narrative.

Frances seemed to have very correct views of the demerit of sin, and remarked that she had heard some who were in trouble observe that they did not know why they should be so much afflicted; but to her it was no mystery. She was well aware that her sins deserved more suffering than she had ever experienced.

Dr. H——, from Norwich, who had previously been consulted in relation to her case, visited her February 18th, and held a consultation with her physician. He examined her lungs, and pronounced one of them affected, but thought she might be relieved.

Soon after this she appeared to have taken cold. Her cough became much worse, attended with an almost constant expectoration; and she was exceedingly hoarse for a few days. This occasioned deep anxiety, and probably she suffered more than at any other period of her sickness, with the exception of the last few days.

But the Lord, in the greatness of his mercy, soon appeared for her,—blessed the means, and granted her much relief. Her cough subsided, and there seemed to be a gradual improvement until the last three weeks of her life. Every symptom, except her thin and pale appearance, promised at least a partial restoration. Her strength increased daily, and as soon as the weather permitted, she either rode or walked out every pleasant day, which afforded her high satisfaction. She manifested no impatience in relation to her recovery, as many often do when in a convalescent state, but appeared uniformly submissive. If the weather was favorable for her riding or walking, she enjoyed it much; if otherwise ordered, she seemed entirely quiet, and neither manifested or expressed any dissatisfaction. She was a great admirer of flowers, and all the works of nature; and it is a source of much gratitude, that she was kindly permitted to go out so frequently, and witness the beauties of the opening season, which was unusually pleasant. At one time, when riding with

her father, upon the road that runs parallel with the Shetucket river, which was in full view, Frances enjoyed it very much, and remarked upon the fine prospect in a very interesting manner.

She had a lively sense of her mercies, and was often occupied in recapitulating them. The pleasantness of her room, with the utility of every article it contained, she would mention with much apparent gratitude; and then feelingly contrast her comforts, with the wants, and desolations of the suffering poor, to whose distress she had been a witness when visiting with her father. She would also frequently contrast her less suffering state with that of a dear cousin, who was visited with an exceedingly distressing disease, and with whom in a former place of residence, she had been on terms of great intimacy.

They were nearly of the same age, their first name the same, were taken sick not far from the same time, and died within a few weeks of each other. As Frances occasionally heard of her distressing condition, she would express the liveliest commiseration

for her sufferings, and an ardent desire for her spiritual interests. This friend had, some years previous, lost an excellent mother; and it is well remembered, with what tender emotion Frances would remark, "Poor F——H——has no kind mother to watch over her, pray for, and minister to her temporal and spiritual necessities."

In one instance some young friends called, to whom she was much attached; some of whom she had not seen for a long time. Her calm appearance on their departure was observed with tearful emotion; and she was asked, if it did not seem hard to be so confined, while her young companions came and went at their pleasure? "O, no," she replied, "I have not had such a thought." She was gratified with seeing her associates, but never expressed any feeling of loneliness, in being so much secluded from their society. She appeared to entertain very correct views, for one so inexperienced, of the unsatisfying nature of earthly joys; and to renounce her former high hopes of enjoyment from the world.

although her social disposition, and the native buoyancy of her spirits, had previously occasioned her a keener relish for society than the most possess. She said to her mother that she anticipated but little more enjoyment from mingling with the world; if she could but have health to assist her father, and render herself useful, it was all she expected.

She was uniformly cheerful and uncomplaining. Every thing was done to her satisfaction, and received with expressions of gratitude. It was remarked by one who was with her much of the time during her sickness, and by many who visited her sick-room, "that it was the pleasantest, on all accounts, of any which they had ever witnessed." It was entirely divested of all gloom. It was her often-expressed desire that those around her should be calm, and nothing distressed her so much as to behold the sorrow of her friends. She remarked, "that the loneliness and affliction which she knew must be experienced on her removal, was her greatest source of suffering."

Through April, and until the thirteenth of May, she appeared gradually convalescing, and was so comfortable that it was thought she might soon again attend church. She observed to a friend, that she had thought, for several Sabbaths, she might go the next. There had also been many plans for journeying with her. But oh how deceptive the disease; and how soon was every fond hope and expectation blasted! with what an irremovable grasp had it fastened upon her system! While to human view there was so much prospect of her restoration, the great Ruler of the destinies of all men had in his infinite, unerring wisdom, otherwise decreed.

On the ninth of May, an aged friend was to be interred in the burial ground near the residence of her father. This had ever been with her a spot of great interest, and at her request, her parents went with her to view the place where this friend was to be laid. She returned without apparent fatigue. The Saturday following, just three weeks from the day of her death, there was to be another interment of a little

infant; and she again expressed a wish to go and look into the grave. Her brother accompanied her, and on her return was much alarmed at the exhaustion she manifested. Then, for the first time, was discovered the same difficulty of respiration, with which she was troubled at the commencement of her illness.

Her mother met her at the door, and could not but be exceedingly anxious on witnessing her unusual fatigue; but Frances was even inclined to view things in the most favorable light, and said "Mother, I presume I shall soon be better—I will lie down, and I think I shall be relieved." She did so, and was soon apparently restored, and at her urgent request the family left her alone, to attend the funeral of the child to which allusion has been made. Since she had become so much more comfortable, it appeared to afford her great satisfaction, that she was no longer compelled to detain her mother from the house of God, and would say, "how pleasant it seems Mother, to have you again able to attend public worship." In a few instances, she

persuaded all the family to leave her, appearing to be almost as much gratified, as if she had been able to attend herself.

Here it may be suitable to allude to her attachment to the services of the Sanctuary, with the hope of influencing others to imitate her example. At the age of two she commenced attending church, and was never absent unless providentially prevented. Even when the weather was so unfavorable, that the other females of the family would be discouraged from going, she would not suffer it to prevent her attending, if her health would permit.

On the return of the family from the funeral of the babe before mentioned, Frances appeared as comfortable as usual, but from this time, seemed to be declining, the first week more gradually than afterwards. Her difficulty of respiration seemed to increase daily, and her strength and appetite declined as rapidly. Her physicians had attended upon her very assiduously, but alarming symptoms returning, it was thought necessary again to consult Dr. H. who visited her eleven days before her de-

cease. He was greatly surprised at the unexpected change, and observed "that there had been a very great accumulation of disease since he last saw her;—one lung he thought had entirely ceased to perform its functions."

The result of consultation was, that no relief could be afforded. It is impossible to describe the emotions awakened by this unexpected disclosure. Through the whole of Frances' sickness we had endeavored to be frank—and honest, and had conversed freely with her in relation to every discouragement. But after so many encouraging appearances, how could we but anticipate a favorable result! And now how painful the duty of making known to the dear patient sufferer, that there was no longer any hope in the case. Her afflicted father felt that he could not do it, and her mother at first thought it was not in her power. But after much effort, the succeeding morning, she was enabled to disclose to Frances the opinion of her physicians, which she earnestly desired to know, and respecting which she made many inquiries the evening previous.

On being informed of her hopeless condition, she at first manifested some agitation, and shed some tears; but after a short struggle, in which we trust grace was triumphant, she remarked that "she had never expected to be well again, but had hoped she might live some years; but now," she added with deep emotion, "I have nothing to do, but to cast myself unreservedly upon the mercy of my Saviour, and prepare to meet him in peace. I have no worthiness of my own, but must trust wholly in his perfect righteousness;—but, mother, will you pray that I may be spared a few days, that I may be the better prepared for my great and last change." So nearly did she at once bring death to view; and from that time seemed to give up the world, and we trust made her God her all. She conversed very freely for quite a length of time—and though her affectionate and interesting appearance made an impression which can never be obliterated, yet many deeply affecting things which she then said, owing to the agitation of the scene, cannot be recalled.

One thing is remembered; the satisfaction

she expressed, that she was not to be left the afflicted survivor of her mother; saying, "How grateful I should be that you, my dear mother, were not called before me, and I left in this world of sin and temptation, without your care and instruction."

Fearing lest she might exhaust herself, at her mother's request, she ceased conversing, and soon fell into as quiet a sleep, as if nothing had occurred; and on awaking appeared solemn but entirely composed. She afterward, in conversing freely upon this scene, said, she thought that, at that time, she did make a more entire consecration of herself to the Saviour, than she had ever done before. The inquiry being made, do you feel, Frances, that you then made this consecration, and can you do it now? She meekly replied in the affirmative.

It did appear, judging from all she said, and from her whole deportment, that she was enabled to bow in sweet acquiescence to the holy will of her Father in heaven; that she had no disposition to murmur, nor to arraign his wisdom, or goodness, in this trying dispensation of his Providence.

Have we not here a striking proof of the power of Divine grace, to sustain the soul in its most severe conflicts? The subject of this memoir was young, and had seen life only in its brightest presentation.

And although, as has been before observed, she had unusually correct views after her sickness, of the unsatisfying nature of earthly enjoyments, yet she loved her friends most tenderly, and could not but be aware of the fact that her affection was warmly reciprocated. Many of "earth's scenes were still sweet," and presented charms, of which the youthful mind is alone susceptible. Beside, she was naturally timid. Would not nature, unsupported by grace, have shrunk from the dread realities, thus unexpectedly bursting upon her view? O let us then admire the riches of that grace, which is so eminently adapted to our necessities, and adore Him, who gave himself to provide the way for the bestowment of such an unspeakable blessing, which alone can enable us calmly to relinquish our hold on earth, and soothe, cheer and sustain us in

the most trying emergencies of life, and even in the last conflict of dissolving nature.

Frances had continued to ride, up to this time; and in the afternoon of the same day, rode with her parents the distance of one mile to her grandfather's, where she had been so frequently, and where she was ever delighted to visit. But now the last time had arrived in which she would ever be indulged this privilege. She was very feeble while there, and had quite a distressed turn; but it was a trait in her character to gather enjoyment from almost every passing scene. She appeared to derive much satisfaction from her visit, and her friends it is presumed will never forget it. On returning, her father walked by the side of the carriage, and her interesting appearance in this, her last ride, can never cease to be remembered but with the deepest interest. She seemed to enjoy it very much, and conversed with all her wonted cheerfulness. It was at a pleasant hour; the sun was fast declining, and the softened hues of the western horizon, were very beautiful. In admiring the

lovely view, allusion was made to the superior prospects, joys and glories of the upper world, which "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man." In speaking of her dissolution she remarked, that she did not know that death had any terrors to her mind, or that the grave appeared gloomy. And then she spoke of an aged friend, who had been removed some time previous, "how pleasant the thought had been, that he was laid so near us." And now her loved remains lie in close but silent compact, with him and his beloved companion; social in death. This was the last time she ever went out. On returning home she appeared comfortable, sat up until evening, and received a call from some young friends to whom she was strongly attached, and one of whom had been long absent.

She retired appearing as usual; but the latter part of the night it was discovered that her breathing was more labored, and she appeared distressed. Her mother went to her several times, but she would urge her not to be anxious, as she was not con-

scious of suffering, and observed in the morning how short the hours had appeared. But on attempting to arise and dress as usual, we found her strength had failed very much; she was so exceedingly altered, it was greatly feared she would not survive the day. Her physician was called, who, after an examination, thought her not immediately dying, but without some alteration did not think she could continue many days. He conversed, in her presence, freely, in relation to her case; and although her friends were deeply concerned, she appeared quite composed. After he had prayed with her, and had left her room, she said to her mother, in a pleasant though feeling manner, "What a good prayer he has made." In the morning she could take no nourishment, but at noon was able to be up, had her seat at the table, and ate a very little. She sat a long time, and seemed unconscious of what was passing around her, and wholly absorbed with her own reflections. She afterward told her mother that "she had never had such glorious views of heaven as at that time." It has been much

regretted that she was not questioned in relation to those views—but some circumstance occurred at that moment to change the conversation, and it was never after resumed. In the afternoon her brother had her Accordion, which had been very dear to her; she looked at him pleasantly and said, "Now C—— my Accordion will be yours." Her mother said, "then Frances you give it to C——, do you?" "Yes," she replied, "I have no longer any use for it." Her manner was most affectionate; and as her mother turned from her to conceal her emotions, she gave her such a look of unutterable tenderness, as cannot be described. She likewise gave her brother her books, with the exception of those her mother wished to retain; and all with apparent calmness. On being asked, if she wished to make any disposition of her clothes, or any thing she possessed; she spoke of some things particularly—a sack that had been given her by a valued relative she said "might be useful to her Mother." Some other articles she disposed of, and

then added, "and all my little boxes, and other articles you can do with as you please," and seemed ready to relinquish all with entire cheerfulness. Her cough had not been troublesome for nearly two months, and some days it was scarcely perceptible; but this afternoon she had a severe turn of coughing, which continued nearly half an hour. When her father returned from the weekly prayer meeting she said with difficulty, "Do ask Father to pray that I may have a little interval from suffering, before I go hence." And on his commencing, she was almost immediately relieved, and was never afterward afflicted with a cough. This was very remarkable, and an unspeakable mercy in her debilitated state.

The following night she had watchers for the first time. Her mother, who had been devoted to her, during her whole sickness, was obliged, that night, to commit her to the care of a beloved aunt, and it was noticed with surprise, how thoughtfully she now consented to have others attend upon her—although, previously, she had always wished her mother to be about her, partic-

ularly when in distress. But now, when asked, if she should not remain with her, after affectionately kissing her, she would say, "No, mother, go and try to get some rest." The next day she appeared quite as comfortable as the day previous, and conversed with more ease. She expressed much gratitude for all the favors she had received; and remarked, that, since it had been so difficult for her to converse, she had not always given utterance to her gratitude for the unceasing attentions bestowed upon her, but she thought it was not because she was ungrateful. She then asked forgiveness of her parents, brother, and an aged aunt who resided in the family, and who had done much for the alleviation of her sufferings. To her she expressed many thanks for all her kindnesses, and requested her to forgive all that had been amiss in her conduct, saying she was conscious of having spoken many times improperly but thought it had been rather from the impulse of the moment than from a feeling of ill will.

In conversing upon the subject of death,

she said she had been thinking what manner of death she would choose, if left to her choice, and she had decided that she would prefer to die in that way which would most glorify God. A state of mind highly desirable both in sickness and in health.

That night she had another dear aunt to take care of her, and during the few nights that remained, she was remarkably favored in having kind friends and relatives to watch with her, and praying friends too, which was to her an unspeakable comfort, as she said she could not feel willing to have those about her, on whom she could not call with freedom to pray, or sing, with her. And, indeed, it was very sweet, amid the silent and anxious hours of night, to listen to the voice of praise and supplication from her apartment. These exercises, with the reading of the Scriptures, formed her chief sources of consolation during her last days on earth. Whenever distressed she would wish her father, brother, or some friend to pray, or sing; and many were the petitions daily presented to the throne of grace from her apartment. She remarked,

she did not wish people to pray so much for her recovery as that she might be sanctified, and entirely conformed to the Divine will.

Since the hope had been indulged that she had passed from death unto life, Frances had manifested a peculiar desire, for one so young, to investigate every motive by which she was influenced; and now as she felt heart and flesh to be failing, she evinced more and more of this disposition.

She had always taken great satisfaction in listening to her father's religious conversation, and now more than ever. At one time, as he entered the room, she said to him, "I have been thinking whether I love God because he is a holy being, or from other considerations." As he specified the evidences of piety, she would strive to search her own heart, and ascertain whether she possessed them. Speaking of a submissive spirit as one evidence, and inquiring if she thought she had exercised such a spirit, she replied with meekness she thought she had—she had not been conscious of exercising rebellious feelings. And it is hoped

that in this she was correct, as she was never heard to utter a murmur, or complaint, during the entire period of her sickness; but on the contrary, when her symptoms were most unfavorable, would say soothingly, "It is all right, mother, it is all right." In one instance her mother was speaking of the strength of attachment she and other friends had cherished for her:— "But not one of my friends" she replied emphatically, "would die for me;" in allusion to the great compassion of the Saviour; which was in striking accordance with that beautiful stanza,

> Which of all our friends to save us,
> Could or would have shed his blood?
> But this Saviour died to have us,
> Reconciled in him to God."

On one occasion the subject of conversation was the compassion of Christ in giving us the hope of heaven, where we shall be made holy like the angels of God, and where the blissful inhabitants will never have occasion to say "I am sick;" and those forcible lines were repeated,

"But oh, eternity's too short,
To utter forth his praise."

She was, at the time, experiencing unusual distress, yet her feeling seemed to be much awakened, and she replied, in a manner deeply impressive, "No finite bounds, nor space of time, can afford us opportunity to utter forth his praise." Her mother had been absent for a short time, and on her entering the room, Frances said with emotion, "Father has been talking to me so good; he would often exclaim," "How good the Lord is," and I could not but respond to the sentiment." A short time after she was heard in a whisper repeating to herself, "How good the Lord is."

On Sabbath afternoon, her last on earth, she was left with her mother and a dear relative, to whom she said she wished freely to communicate her feelings, and would as she was able. She then went on to state her exercises, and said many things which would be interesting to be noticed, but the most are not remembered with sufficient accuracy. After this interview the relative who was present remarked before she left,

that Frances appeared to possess the maturity of an experienced Christian.

The same disposition of scrutinizing every thought and action, seemed to continue, and she remarked "My friends are hoping I am a Christian; how dreadful if after all I and they should be deceived." But she thought it was her desire to have her mind entirely fixed upon the Saviour, and go to him with the same freedom that she did to her parents,—and on being asked if she now thought she could, she replied, "Yes, in a good degree." In speaking of the great satisfaction she had derived from reading, she said she could give up D'Aubigne's History, and other books, she had commenced, but she regretted leaving Scott's Commentary of the Bible unfinished. She had read the Bible through, in course, a number of times; how many, it is not recollected. And after she was sick she commenced Scott's Commentary, as has been before noticed, and her mark was left at the twelfth chapter of Deuteronomy.

She was very feeble on Monday, and unable to converse much. On Tuesday

she was about the same, and saw no one but the family, and her deeply afflicted grandmother, who came once more to see her. But how changed was the dear child, who had ever been accustomed to greet her with welcoming joy. Yet feeble as she was, her countenance was even now lit up with its wonted smile, on again beholding the face of this beloved relative, to whom she was bound by unusually tender ties. She was too weak to converse much, but manifested her reliance on the Saviour, and disposition to commit all into his hands. Wednesday she appeared so much more comfortable that it was thought she might be spared a few weeks longer. Feeling herself so much relieved, and being conscious of her own weakness, and fearing lest she might be induced to take the world back again into her heart, she said with great earnestness, "Mother, do pray that I may not lose the impressions I have had, but be in constant readiness for whatever awaits me." It was a lovely day, and she sat some time by the window, conversing very pleasantly, ad-

miring some flowers of her own rearing, and others she had by her, which had been sent her from a distance, and remarking upon the surpassing loveliness of the world of glory, where every thing will so far transcend all that can be presented to the eye in this imperfect state. She also looked over her books a little, put in marks as far as she had read, and seemed to be taking her leave of them. Doct. Porter's and Mr. Whitfield's memoirs she had been reading but had not quite completed them. One book in particular she valued very highly, The Missionary's Daughter, or Lucy Goodale Thurston, and kept it by her much of the time. This book had been procured for her in the winter, and she had perused and rëperused it with great interest, and it is believed with much profit. In speaking of its effect on her mind, she said she believed it had been salutary, and if she should live, thought she should be willing to devote herself to the missionary cause. In speaking of the Hymn books she had so much prized, she said if she felt able, she would, or the satisfaction of her mother when she

was gone, look them over, and mark the hymns she had committed. She also spoke of some of her clothing, with some other articles, and mentioned how she would like to have them disposed of—all which was done with an appearance of entire tranquillity of mind. She was able to see some company and saw for the last time a dear young friend, which gratified her much. Her aunt L—— spent a part of the day with her, which afforded her much satisfaction.

Frances observed to her mother that she had never loved her friends more tenderly than at that time, yet to have her thoughts and affections placed supremely upon the Saviour was her predominant and all-absorbing desire. Although her mind seemed so much occupied with this one desire, to make her God her all, and have him reign in every thought and feeling of her heart, yet it is believed she had a greater struggle to give up her friends than she expressed. At one time after looking at her mother in the most endearing manner she said, "Do you think, mother, we shall know each

other in heaven?" Again she said, "How many times I have wept at the idea of my mother being taken from me." And repeatedly did she endeavor to soothe that sorrow which would at times be irrepressible, by saying, "Mother, when I am gone, you must think I am in heaven." How should our gratitude be excited, that she was enabled thus to cheer and console us, in view of our trying separation. It is well remembered how affectionately she would look after her father as he left the room, and from the fullness of her heart exclaim, "The best of fathers." And often when his emotions would be uncontrollable, and to conceal them would leave the apartment, she would say, "How it distresses me to have father feel so much," and express her fears lest his sorrow should be the means of impairing his health. She often requested him with her other friends to be calm, and said, nothing distressed her so much as to witness the grief of those about her; if it was the will of the Lord to remove her at that time, it was her and their duty

cheerfully to submit, and not give indulgence to sadness and despondency.

In one instance her father was endeavoring to administer consolation to her mind in view of the painful separation awaiting us, and remarked that God in his infinite mercy had given her to us and she had been a pleasant child; if he now took her away, we should be where we were before the bestowment of the blessing. She replied, the reflection would be pleasant, if we had trained a soul for heaven. She appeared to feel the tenderest sympathy in the lonely situation of her brother after her removal, and spoke of his affliction and bereavement with deep emotion. A dear friend came in on the Sabbath evening previous who was to take care of her for the night, and being asked if she should go out with her brother for a short season. "O, yes," she replied, "if she can say any thing to comfort C—— I am willing." She remarked to that friend who had been her Sabbath school Teacher, in the course of the night, that she must try to be more faithful to her

charge. And when asked if she had not a message to send to her class, she said, "Yes, tell them to love the Saviour."

Her brother had prepared and brought her the following lines, which she read with the deepest interest and the most entire composure, saying with a smile on concluding them, "Mother, how sweet they are."

Disease, with iron grasp, has fasten'd
On thy tender frame, my dearest, only sister;
And ere long, thou well dost know, 'twill bear thee
To the narrow house, where all who live must sleep,
Till sounding trump, of God's archangel,
Shall break their slumbers. To us, thy friends thou 'rt dear;
We have lov'd thee well, perchance too well.
Ah! who that knows the value of a friend,
The tender ties, reciprocally sweet, that bind
Hearts of a kin together, can cease to love?
To me, thine only brother, thou 'rt endeared
By nature's bands, which wither and shrink
At thought of dissolution.
I've lov'd thee well, than whom, none better this side heaven.
In sweet affection's glowing flame, that lit
Thy bosom, we too, have richly shared.

Yet we trust, thou lov'st thy God, thy Saviour better;
Better far, than earthly parent, brother, friend.
And happy we, that 'tis so. Thrice happy they, who like
To John the well beloved, may lean on Jesus' bosom.
And dearest Frances, we now would hope, that thou,
Undoubting, art one of the few, the happy,
Whose unequalled lot is this.
If so, all's well, and thou art almost home—
So near thy sweet, sweet home in heaven! 'Tis so—
'Tis even so, if thou art Christ's, and Christ is thine.
So near thy rest, in heaven, where grief and sin
Can never come, and tears are wiped from every eye!
Art thou so soon, to leave this world of sin and woe,
Of sorrow, care, and pain, and enter on that rest
Prepar'd for God's elect?
We cannot wish to keep thee here. The joys
Of mansions blest, oh, who can tell? What mortal eye
Hath seen, or ear hath heard, or tongue expressed?
Ah! none. 'Twould baffle angel's powers, much more, frail mortal's.
Earth's scenes are sweet—are passing sweet—yet a mere blank,
Compared with heaven's.
Thou lov'st the mellow sound of music sweet,
E'en here it calms the restless mind, and soothes the heart,
With anguish riven. But what is this,
In view of heaven's unceasing song of praise?

Then hie thee, dearest sister, to those blest abodes,
Thy happy soul will rest with Israel's God;
And though, we soon may part, we trust we soon
shall meet,
(How soon we little know) in yon bright world above,
Where friend ne'er parts with friend, nor sun,
Nor moon, nor stars, give light, but veilless glory
Of th' Almighty God, and spotless Lamb, are light
thereof.

Through Wednesday Frances was comparatively comfortable, had some appetite, and sat up much of the day,—but at night her difficulty of breathing returned, though she slept tolerably well; and when awake, seemed to enjoy the society of her friend, who was watching with her.

She was overheard in the night requesting her friend as usual, to sing; and when asked if there was not something she would prefer to hear, she mentioned the Psalm commencing,

Show pity, Lord—O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

The next morning she was evidently more feeble, and in the afternoon, appeared to be failing rapidly, but again revived. She conversed but little, but still maintained her wonted composure. On observing that one hand was much swollen, and looking at it for a time, she raised her eyes to her mother, and said, "O well, it is no matter," seeming to imply, if the work of dissolution has commenced, and it is the will of heaven, let it go forward and be accomplished. The swelling of her feet she also noticed with the same composure. At night, on lying down, and preparing to go to sleep, she said with great earnestness, "Mother, will you pray that if it is the will of God, I may be spared to behold the light of another morning; if not, that I may be ready to go at any moment. And ask Father, aunt A—— and C—— also." It is an indescribable satisfaction that she realized so fully where to look for aid in this her last, and most trying emergency, that there were so many petitions offered in her behalf, and that the church were so much

interested in her case. It was observed by one, that she never knew so many intercessions at the Throne of Grace for any one individual; and is there not reason to hope that the Lord by granting this spirit of supplication to his children, did design to answer Frances' request, that her sanctification might be effected rather than her recovery. The kindness of the people also, to which we would here make allusion, in sending her so many testimonials of their interest and regard, will ever be held in grateful remembrance. Scarcely a day passed, during some periods of her sickness, without receiving some token of their affectionate regard. These expressions of kindness, it was to Frances a source of gratification, to share with others, who were destitute and more suffering than herself. It had ever been her custom in health, to bestow upon the sick and suffering any article of luxury, as oranges, figs, etc., which had been presented her.

It was also her practice to reserve the money that was given her on different

occasions, and appropriate it to benevolent objects; and it is not known that she ever expended the most trifling sum for any toy or article of consumption, like candies, sugar-plums, &c., as too many children are inclined to do.

On Friday morning, there was a marked change, and it was evident that the hour of her departure was at hand. As from her pillow, she could look out from her pleasant window, where she had so often sat, and once more behold the sun coming forth in his glory, her countenance exhibited such sweetness and placidity, combined with deep solemnity, as to inspire the hope that, the peace of God, which passeth understanding, reigned deep within; thus verifying the promise, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee." Her father, coming in was struck with her appearance, and said to her, "Frances, are you not happy? She gently replied in the affirmative. As her Aunt, who had been with her through the night, was about to leave, she was asked if she did not wish to

send love to her grand parents. "Yes," she said, with the utmost serenity of manner, "and tell them I hope to meet them in heaven; and uncle G—— and S. too. J. S—— has been a dear cousin to me. I hope we shall meet in heaven." To another cousin, she also sent a request, that she would seek religion now. "Assure her," she added, with much feeling, "it will make her far happier, than any thing this world can afford." How fully she realized, at that moment, the vanity and insecurity of all things earthly, and that religion is emphatically the one thing needful. Of how little value must this delusive world have then appeared to her.

How mutable, evanescent, and unsatisfying its brightest scenes. A short time since and Frances had been looking into the vista of futurity with as buoyant and cheering anticipations of happiness, as her young companions. But whither had fled those animating prospects, which had so often filled her youthful heart with joy and gladness? They had been dashed as in a moment, and the universal destroyer was

approaching with rapid strides to close the scene forever. Yet in view of all this she was calm; cheered and sustained by the soothing and supporting influence of the blessed gospel of the Son of God. She admonished her young friends of the necessity of seeking religion *now;* with the assurance that it would make them far happier than aught this world affords. And will not the young regard her dying testimony, and in view of the awful realities of the unseen world, prepare to meet their God before it is forever too late? "Oh that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end."

In the course of the day allusion was made to another cousin in whom she was much interested, and who had been bereft of a beloved mother. Being asked if she had no message to send to him, she replied, "he must remember what I said to him at parting, that he must be a good boy, and learn to love the Lord." It is hoped he will never forget this counsel.

She also wished to be remembered to all

the children of the school, with the request that they would strive to profit by her early removal, and be ready for their own departure. Her grandfather called in the morning, and Frances seemed much gratified in seeing him once more. She was very much composed, and conversed with him considerably; and, in allusion to the church prayer meeting, which he spoke of attending in the afternoon with her grandmother, said feelingly, "How I should love to be where I could hear too." Before going to the meeting, her grandmother came in as she had requested in the morning. She had become more distressed, and was unable to say much. But the smile and look of inexpressible tenderness, which Frances gave her grandmother, as she kissed her for the last time and bade her farewell, as if she would have said, "Be comforted, grandmother, and don't weep for me," will never be forgotten. Her grandfather had said to her in the morning, he had not supposed she would be called before him, but he did not expect to remain long behind. In allusion to this, she said in the after-

noon, it made but little difference who was removed first,—to love the Lord with all her heart and soul was all she desired. She had remarked in a previous instance, that she felt that it was in mercy her Heavenly Father was about to remove her, rather than continue her in this world of sin and temptation, where from her natural propensity to evil, she would be so liable again to relapse into a state of worldly-mindedness and stupidity. "I would rather suffer what I now do," she said, "than to be well, and be as indifferent to spiritual things as I have been in health." There had been a maturity of mind, which was strikingly obvious in Frances ever after her illness, and in truth it might be said of her, that she appeared to have put away childish things.

Her mother once remarked to her, how much more happiness she had derived from her society during her confinement, than ever before. She replied to this effect, that she had never had so much real enjoyment as since her sickness, and partial seclusion from the world. Is not this a further attes-

tation to the power of Divine Grace to render the soul happy in every condition of life?

Frances was possessed of an unusual share of resolution, and it never deserted her. She was up several hours every day, even the last; sat in her easy chair five or six hours; and at her own request had her seat at the dinner table—but she scarcely looked like an inhabitant of this world. In the afternoon she became more restless than she had ever been. In the evening her brother assisted her to the bed, and sat awhile supporting her. It was truly affecting to the parental heart, to see her so affectionately reclining in his arms, and the thought that they were so soon to be separated,—that the ties which had so long bound them to each other, were so soon to be burst asunder by death's relentless stroke, was indeed afflictive. On lying down and conversing awhile, Frances soon fell asleep, and seemed to breathe with more ease than she had for some days. This her last night on earth, she had a very kind and experienced watcher, with

whom her brother remained. About 12, Mrs. B. discovered an alteration, and said to her brother, "I believe she is going." She looked up, and said with a smile, "O no, I guess not." Mrs. B. said, "Are you not ready, Frances?" She replied, "I hope I am." As her mother came to her, she said very pleasantly, "They thought I was going, but I did not; I suppose I breathed very feebly." Afterward, she wished us all to pray with her; and in reply to her mother's inquiry, if she could not trust herself entirely in the hands of the Lord? she replied with entire composure, she thought she could. She did not incline to say much, but seemed to be reposing very quietly. It is a most grateful reflection, and we could not but hope was in answer to prayer, that her last hours were rendered so peaceful. Not long before she was heard saying in a gentle tone, "Continue to live." And a very few minutes before she ceased breathing, on having some drink presented her, she said, "Am I living?" Mrs. B. replied, "yes,

Frances, you are living." She again said, "Are you sure of it?" and on being assured of the certainty, she again fell into a quiet slumber, from which she never awoke. It appeared she had been dreaming she was gone, and on awaking could scarcely believe she was still in this world. It was, however, but a few moments before her disembodied spirit left its frail tabernacle, and was we trust before the throne of God, pure and made white in the blood of the Lamb. So gently was she removed that we could scarcely discern when she had ceased breathing. We called her by her loved, familiar name, but she made no reply, for hers had become the cold, insensate ear of death. Those eyes which had so often beamed upon us with the fondest affection, we now closed, with the heart-rending conviction that on earth we should behold them no more. But thanks be to God, who had, as we fervently hope, given her "the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

In a few moments we all knelt about the lifeless but still precious remains, and her

afflicted father thanked the Lord for removing her so mercifully, and for the consoling hope that her ransomed spirit was now transplanted to that better, brighter world, where sin and sorrow, suffering and death, could never more assail her.

The funeral was solemnized on Monday, June 5th, her death having occurred the Saturday previous, at a quarter before four in the morning. On the Sabbath intervening her father preached from these words, "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth because thou didst it." Psalm 39: 9. And was there not abundant cause for the exercise of such a spirit as the Psalmist here describes? Surely there had been mercy, great mercy mingled in our cup of bitterness. It was remarked by those who attended upon Frances, and had had experience, that they never knew any one let down to the grave with a lingering disease more gently, or with more tranquillity of mind. The triumphant hopes and anticipations which some experience, she was not permitted to enjoy, but a meek, quiescent state, seemed to be the uniform

tenor of her mind. And to what could this be attributed, but the loveliness of gospel influence? To God be all the praise.

The funeral was attended by a large concourse of people, and much sympathy was manifested. There were five clergymen present. The venerable Dr. Nott of Franklin, in his ninetieth year, made the prayer at the house. The beloved remains were then removed to the church. Rev. Mr. Bond, of Norwich, made the first prayer. Rev. Mr. Whitman, of Greenville, preached a very appropriate and consolatory sermon, from Habakkuk 3: 17, and Job 13: 15. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Rev. Mr. Nichols, of Lebanon, made the last prayer, and the services were closed by singing that touching hymn,

"Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,"

in a most solemn and affecting manner. This was peculiarly appropriate, as the deceased had been one of the choir for a number of years. At the grave, Rev. Mr. Shipman, of Jewetts City, made a very

impressive address, particularly to the children of the Sabbath school. And thus closed a scene of deeper interest than any in which we had ever before participated.

And is it possible, we are often led to exclaim, that this beloved one is indeed gone? Can it be that she who was pre-eminently the life of the domestic circle is forever removed from our view? Yes, there is no illusion—her precious form now slumbers in the quiet repository of the grave, which has been consecrated by the Saviour himself, as the resting place of his sleeping saints. And lovely as was that form in our view, we shall behold it no more, until the morning of the resurrection. But it is all well, for God has taken her. He knew just how long to continue her here, and when it was best to remove her. And shall we, the

> "Poor, blind creatures of a day,
> And crush'd before the moth,"

dare repine at the dealings of Infinite, unerring wisdom? We trust we have no disposition so to do—and that we have never seen a moment, when, were it in our

power, we would have recalled her to this sinful, suffering, sorrowing world. No! we would rather say,

> "Stay there, blessed child, thy friends would bid thee stay,
> Dear as thou wast, and ever will be, to our bleeding hearts,
> Our love rebukes the wish, that thou wert here,
> Though we are left to mourn."

Still we sorrow; and may we not without the exercise of rebellious feelings? Jesus wept at the grave of his beloved friend. And how can we do otherwise, on the recollection of her winning and affectionate deportment, her grateful, submissive, uncomplaining spirit, her smiling countenance in the midst of her sufferings, to prevent the distress of her friends, and the solace she had become to them in almost every respect. Yet we would say from the heart, "Thy will be done," feeling assured that He who is infinitely wise, and good, hath done all things well.

And now this little volume is submitted to the public, with the fervent prayer, that its influence, combined with the numerous

similar works already extant, may serve to convince the youthful mind, of the intrinsic worth and power of the religion of Jesus Christ; and also, that it is not an affliction on one's own account, to have an early removal from this imperfect state, if life's great end is answered, and an inheritance secured, in the blest mansions of unfading purity.

And we would, in conclusion, affectionately request each youthful reader of this simple narrative, not to dread so much the afflictions of this mutable state, or even an early death, as a life of sin, the displeasure of God, and his wrath forever. And may they remember the sentiment of that beautiful stanza, which has been previously mentioned as being very precious to the deceased:

"'Tis better to suffer and die,
Beneath thy compassionate rod,
Than feel my enjoyments run high,
But never have thee for my God."

May the Spirit of all grace incline the hearts of parents to realize more fully, that their beloved children are but lent bless-

ings, and liable to be recalled at any moment—and, with their vast responsibilities in view, labor with unremitting faith and zeal, to secure their early sanctification. And may the young burst the bands which bind them to the transient, fascinating pleasures of this mere threshold of their interminable existence, and immediately and unreservedly consecrate all they have, and are, to the service of the compassionate and ever-blessed Redeemer, who voluntarily gave up his own most precious life, to ransom them from death eternal. Then through infinite rich grace, may they too be enabled to anticipate their own dissolution with a sweet serenity of spirit; and while their hearts are glowing with love to God, rejoice that even the young Christian may die.

"Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns."

THE END.

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